

WOULD STANDARDIZE LIGHT REGULATIONS

Difference of Opinion on Proper
Method of Eliminating High-
way Danger Embarrassing.

Every automobile owner who has occasion to drive his car from one city or State to another realizes the importance of the movement that has been started to standardize the various laws and ordinances governing the operation of motor vehicles throughout the country. There is a wide and embarrassing divergence in a number of the municipal ordinances regulating safety devices or other equipment. This is particularly true in the case of dimmers designed to eliminate the glare from automobile headlights.

Realizing the need for a uniform regulation covering the elimination of the headlights glare, the Society of Automobile Engineers has for some time given this matter consideration and recently recommended a natural and simple remedy, without necessitating any sweeping changes in the thousands of cars now owned by private motorists.

How To Remedy It.
By properly focusing the electric bulb and bending the lamp supports in such a way as to direct the light rays correctly, it is said the average headlights, as supplied on the better grades of cars, can be rendered practically non-glaring. The S. A. E. recommendation provides that:

"The headlights should be so arranged that no portion of the reflected beam of light, when projected seventy-five feet or more ahead of the lamps, shall be over forty-two inches above the level surface on which the vehicle stands. Such headlights shall also give sufficient side illumination to indicate any person, vehicle, or substantial object ten feet to thirty feet ahead of the lamp at a point ten feet ahead of the lamp."

An inquiry recently made by the *Horace* Age, the automobile trade magazine, of all of the States and many of the large cities of the country discloses the fact that at the present time few cities and only a dozen States have any legislation prohibiting the use of dazzling or glaring headlights unless dimmed. The States regulating the use of dazzling headlights are California, District of Columbia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Michigan.

Wide Difference of Opinion.
"It needs no argument to establish the desirability of limiting the use of glaring lights," says a writer in the *Horace* Age. "But it has been found that even among cities and States having this legislation there is a wide difference of opinion as to how the evil should be remedied. Some States and cities are satisfied by the mere prohibition of glaring or dazzling lights, leaving to the local wisdom of non-officers or magistrates the question of what is a dazzling or glaring light, while others supplement this unsatisfactory general prohibition by requiring certain officials to authorize the use of dimming devices."

"The motorist this latter form of statute is more desirable, as there is no hard and fast rule to determine what effect certain rays of light may have on the optic nerves of a driver, a policeman, under different conditions."

"The legislation on this subject in New Hampshire and Michigan is very similar and because of its apparent limitations is worthy of especial comment. In these States an automobilist is required to dim his headlights only when they are electric lights and when approaching other vehicles. There is no further provision in New Hampshire that dimming is not necessary unless there is a reasonable opportunity to do so without danger to the driver, etc."

Leaves a Loophole.
"If it is the purpose of laws requiring the dimming of lights to prevent glaring or dazzling rays from annoying and confusing persons using the streets, why ignore automobile lamps or refuse to recognize the dangers incurred in blinding pedestrians as well as operators of other vehicles? And to add to the provision that is in the New Hampshire statute limiting its application to cases where there is a reasonable opportunity to dim the lights without danger leaves such a loophole as to render its enforcement very doubtful."

Some cities prohibit the use of the kind of dimmer which it is necessary to use in New Hampshire and Michigan, that is, the one operated from the driver's seat, evidently with the idea that such prohibition is the only effective way to insure the absence of undesirable light. This is a question of degree, however, and it is not easy to determine whether the lights comply with the law without going to court and compliance with the law is possible by simply tilting the lamps; while moreover if one doesn't wish to tilt the lamps it permits the use of any kind of dimmer, in which case, of course, there is doubt as to compliance with the law, but the Highway Commission might pass upon the dimmers as certain officials do in New Jersey, thus avoiding this difficulty."

"One thing further should be noted in regard to the Massachusetts law. It not only limits the use of dazzling rays, as do all other dimming laws, but it also requires motor vehicles to be equipped with lamps of such power that a substantial object may be seen at specified distances in front of and at the side of the vehicle. The majority of the laws requiring lights for motor vehicles are based on the theory that they are only for the purpose of being seen by others. Such laws are necessarily inadequate and this phase of the question, that is, requiring motorists to use lights to distinguish objects on the road should not be overlooked when endeavoring by legislation to overcome the bad features of dazzling lights."

**Versatile Artist Plans
To Motor in Southwest**

Resembling the versatility of the late Henry Ford, who was equally at home in sketches on New York or Texas, Bernhardt Wall, Manhattan artist and etcher, has accomplished some of his best work on the open road.

Mr. Wall plans to tour through the Southwest in his Chalmers six touring car, starting shortly after the first of the year. While on tour, he will spend most of his time in search of Western types for his famous etchings. The trip will cover the Rio Grande section, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, and North and South Dakota.

Mr. Wall lived for some time in Texas, but has roamed through all sections of the country. He has been a newspaper man, soldier, and cartoonist. At one time he was the most successful designer of picture post cards in the country. He designed 1,500 cards in the course of a year.

THE RED CIRCLE

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Author of "The Fighter," "Caleb Crenshaw," "Byria From the Saddle," Etc.
Novelized from the Pathe Photo Play of the Same Name by Will M. Ritchey.
(Copyright, 1915, by Albert Payson Terhune.)

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

A red circle birthmark appearing on her hand when she plans benevolent crime, June Travis learns from her nurse, Mary, that she is a member of a supposedly extinct family of circle-headed crooks. The secret is kept from Mrs. Travis, Detective Lamar, vainly trying to solve the new circle cases, meets and admires June. "Smiling" Sam, ex-convict, jewel thief, and an old pal of "Circle" Jim Jordan, June's father, is exposed by the trapping of a woman confederate. Lamar raids Sam's cobbler shop.

He succeeds in capturing another of Sam's confederates, and an infuriated Lamar heeded show for which he had been seeking.

"Smiling" Sam, after his escape from Lamar, reaches Burton, where he knows June is stopping, and determines to secure her all with some hard-boiled scheme. At that time June is sending a telegram to Lamar informing him of the theft of a woman with a red circle on her hand—June herself perpetrated the crime.

Walking along the beach, June meets the Lakes, newly wedded friends, who are quarreling over a hat which the young lady is wearing.

While the two are at some distance from the hat and parcel, June buries the hat in the sand, and near the parcel on the sand she gives her reason for it, signifying the lady of the Red Circle. Later Lamar hears of the incident, and with a camera rushes to the beach to photograph the writing—too late; the red circle has washed away.

That night Lamar calls on June to return the necklace, and June, who is a girl of the night, tells him of her father, and his uncontrolled admiration for June is seen by both her and Mary. Lamar being Sutton, is recognized by an officer and goes.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SAM turned in at the entrance of an alley and with a final burst of speed ran up the alleyway. O'Hara close behind. The policeman's finger was on the trigger. He lacked the patience to run his winded man down. Instead he made good his intent by firing again. Purposefully he aimed high, but he was no marksman, and the effect of his bullet filled him with the wildest consternation.

For "Smiling Sam" swerved sharply in his run, gave a coughing cry, staggered forward upon his knees, half rose, then tumbled prone upon his face in the mud of the alley.

"Good Lord!" roared Patrolman O'Hara, suddenly unnerved, and shaking with nausea. "I've killed him! I've murdered a man!"

He struck the pistol into his belt and went forward to where the inert body lay. Hostilely he turned the huge, lifeless bulk over on its back and stopped to feel the heart.

And in that very same moment the murdered man came to life.

Patrolman O'Hara felt himself clutched by a sinewy, thick hand, whose fingers dug deep into his throat. Egan, with his other hand, wrenched the pistol from O'Hara's belt and transferred it to his own pocket, then, with both hands and arms and legs, he proceeded to grin the dumfounded officer and lay him flat and helpless on his back.

O'Hara struggled as manfully as his stark surprise would permit. But he was no match for the giant strength of his foe.

In a few seconds Egan was standing above his beaten opponent, pistol leveled. Ignorant of the countless ruses of metropolitan crooks, O'Hara could not, for the life of him, understand how "Smiling Sam" had been so completely instant and alive and unharmed the next.

But he had scant time for conjecture. "Get up!" commanded Egan, menacing him with the revolver. "Get up!"

Just you run around that corner, Mr. Officer, and run around it double quick! Run, and keep on running! Egan's will still befuddled. Egan leveled the pistol at his stomach, the weapon's black muzzle a bare three inches from the policeman's belt buckle. Patrolman O'Hara, in sudden fright, did as he was bidden. He bolted down the alleyway as fast as his long legs would carry him.

Meantime, as Sam had foreseen, the sound of shots had brought people from their homes on the jump. Several men—a policeman among them—were running along the next street, calling confused questions as they ran.

Egan set off in the opposite direction to that taken by Patrolman O'Hara. Clearly there was no time to squander in dreamy idleness. O'Hara, at the alley's mouth, collided with a man who was walking along the street from the beach. The officer, as he reeled back from the collision, recognized Max Lamar—the great crime specialist, who had been pointed out to him one day in the city.

"Quick!" gurgled O'Hara, pointing up the alley. "Smiling Sam" Egan! There he got my gun and—

Lamar did not wait for the rest of the sorry confession. At a bound he was in the alley. At its far end the moonlight showed him the quiet body of Egan vanishing around a house corner.

"Halt!" shouted Lamar, drawing his revolver and pulling it against the skilled speed of a college sprinter.

Around the alley corner he ran. Egan, a bare thirty yards ahead, heard the coming of his pursuer. He turned, half behind the jutting edge of a house and fired. The bullet flew wide.

Lamar answered with two shots. One hit and grazed Sam's ear. The other flattened itself against a stone just above his head.

Sam, stooping his arm against the house-edge, fired again. This time his shot found a mark, but not that at which he had fired. Patrolman O'Hara, charging along the alley to re-encounter Egan, was so unfortunate as to catch the ball in the calf of the leg. He sprawled headlong.

Most decidedly this was not O'Hara's lucky night.

Sam, aiming with better judgment, pulled the trigger again. The hammer fell with a click upon an exploded cartridge. The pistol was empty. Throwing it away, he took to his heels.

Lamar followed at racing speed, halting only now and then to fire. Up the alley came a second patrolman and several civilians. They halted at sight of the wounded O'Hara. The latter raised himself on his hands, stammered out the gist of the story, pointed in the direction whither Lamar and Egan had disappeared, then slumped to earth in a dead faint.

The hue and cry reached the street at the alley's far end, looked up and down, saw no one in either direction, then ran valiantly to westward. Lamar and his quarry had turned east.

Lamar, more than once, in the vague moonlight and black shadows, missed sight of the man he followed. Once he completely lost him, and was about to give up the chase, when glimpse of something black, silhouetted against the skyline and moving heavily, like a scowled bull, set him off in a hot chase again.

By this time they had left the village behind them. Sam, running with no sense of direction, found himself at the shoreward base of the ridge that culminated in the ocean-side cliffs.

Up the ridge he scrambled, grunting and heaving with fatigue. It was then that Lamar, two hundred yards behind, caught sight of the broad, squat body against the skyline.

Up the ridge tumbled Egan, seeking some cavern or rift of rock wherein to hide until morning. Ever upward he worked his way.

Clambering as nimbly as a cat, Lamar swarmed up the steep slope behind him. Once only he paused. That was when Sam, gaining the summit, halted and stared dazedly around. Lamar, resting his pistol barrel on a ledge of rock, pulled trigger. The revolver was empty. He dropped it and continued his swift climb.

Sam, gradually recovering his breath, heard a stone rattle just beneath him. He wheeled about as Lamar bounded up to the flat summit-rock beside him. No word was spoken. Breath was too scant and too precious for that. The two men sprang at each other.

Unarmed, forced to rely on nature's primal weapons, they came together with a thudding shock that sent them both to the ground.

Gripping each other in murderous fury, they regained their feet, and, on the slippery edge of the cliff, with a sheer drop of 300 feet to the sea that thundered below them, they fought.

Egan was strong, athletic. Yet his opponent was not only seventy pounds heavier than he, but every one of his 300 pounds was solid bone and sinew. Such a man, chunky and "built close to the ground," is a terrible antagonist in a rough-and-tumble fight.

To and fro they reeled on the perilous verge of the precipice—there, on the black cliff in the white moonlight. Hitting, wrestling, struggling, they battled, tiny specks of living and vibrant hatred suspended between sea and sky.

Inch by inch Sam began to drag his lighter foe toward the brink of the precipice.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Some Gorgeous Motor!
A gorgeous purple electric runabout, upholstered with vivid lavender plush, has been acquired by Congressman Percy Quinn of Mississippi, whose other fancy is a corncock pipe.

ACTION NEEDED HERE AGAINST "ROAD HOG"

Indications Are That More
Motors Than Ever Will Travel
American Highways.

By WILLIAM ULLMAN.

While the opening of the 1916 touring season is still some weeks away, inquiries for touring information received at the national headquarters of the American Automobile Association here and by the touring director of the District motor club indicate that more motor cars will be seen upon American roads this year than ever before. Contemplating this congestion, there is speculation as to how many of these highway users will observe the rules of the road—"safest first" and "courtesy first." It is time to stop and consider for a few minutes.

Experienced drivers know they are subject to the hazards of the road. The careful driver is to a great degree at the mercy of the other kind. Every day there are accidents in which the guilty and the guilty are killed together, and usually it is difficult to know which is which.

The manufacturers of automobiles realize that theirs is a business that should not be put on the basis of "a matter of life and death." The safety of travelers is one step that they can take to protect the industry.

What is needed is public sentiment

against recklessness on the highway to such an extent that the driver will be ashamed to be careless. Any careful driver will give the road-hog more than half the road when he sees him rushing at him.

The bully who travels on foot will get what is coming to him when he meets the man who is not afraid of him. But the bully in the motor car goes his way undisturbed until he may eventually become the victim of his own folly.

The time has come for chambers of commerce and boards of trade and commercial clubs to take up the matter of the safety of the highway and make it their business to see that in their territory the farmer can send his family to town in carriage or motor car and feel assured that no reckless driver will annihilate them.

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